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THE
ROMANCE OF AN HOUR,
A
COMEDY
OF TWO ACTS,

As it is performed, with UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT

The THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN,

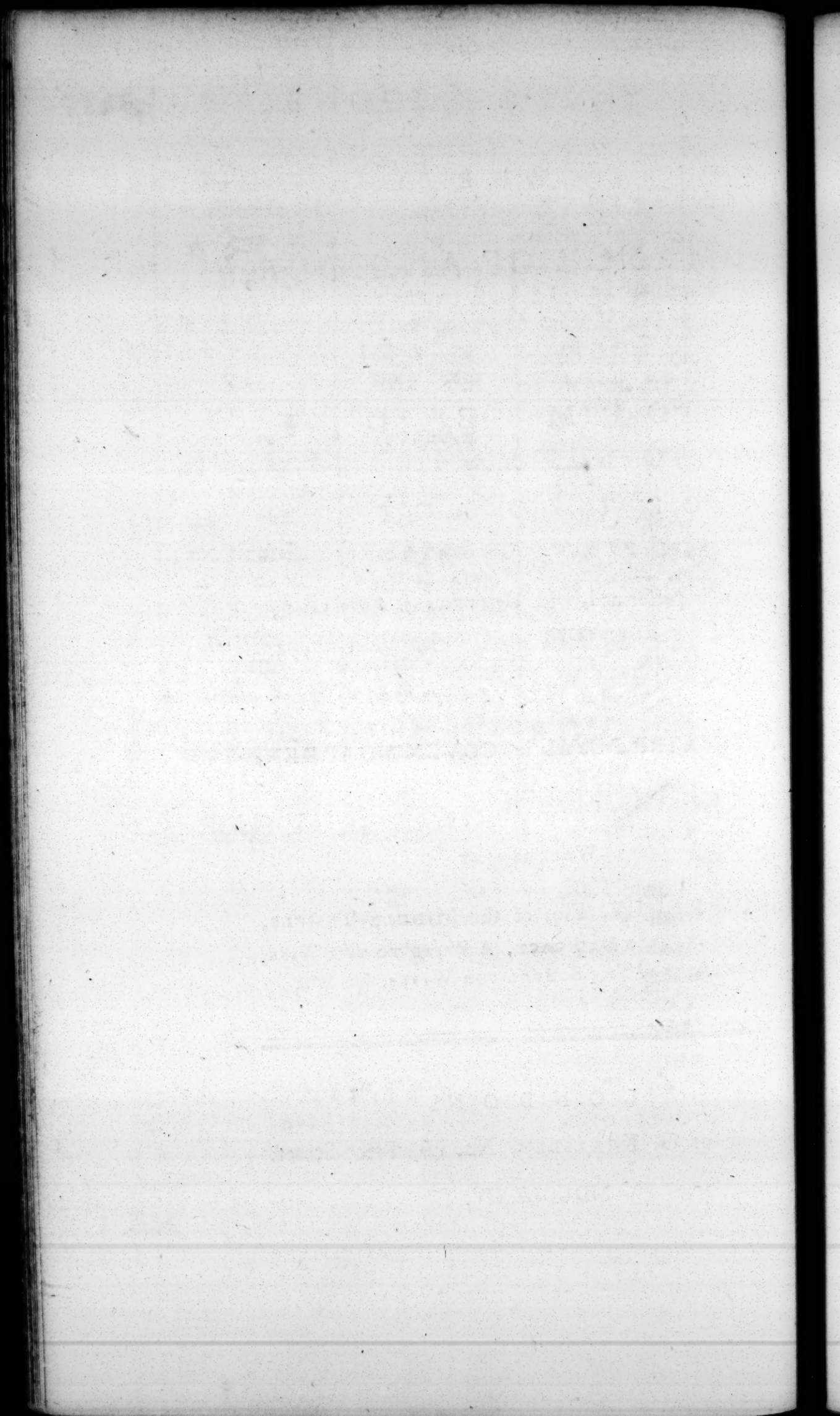
WRITTEN BY

K
HUGH KELLY, Esq; of the MIDDLE TEMPLE,
Author of FALSE DELICACY, A WORD TO THE WISE,
CLEMENTINA, THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, &c. &c.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXIV.



THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR
IS INSCRIBED
TO THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ;
AS A PUBLIC, THO' TRIFLING TESTIMONY,
OF THE VERY SINCERE ESTEEM
ENTERTAINED FOR HIM
BY THE AUTHOR.

*Gough Square, December
16th, 1774.*

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR

IS INSCRIBED

TO THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

AS A PUBLIC, AND TRULY SINCERE

OF THE VERY SINCERE ESTEEM

ENTERTAINED FOR HIM

BY THE AUTHOR

George Henry Brown

1844

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the lovers of the drama are generally very desirous of dramatic anecdote, it will possibly please the reader to know, that the ROMANCE OF AN HOUR (be it what it may) owes its existence to Mrs. ABINGTON. This unrivalled daughter of comedy, in a conversation with me, once expressing a wish to perform a character of *perfect simplicity*, the interesting tale called the *Test of Friendship*, immediately struck upon my recollection, and Mrs. Abington concurred with me in thinking, that a native of the East, situated like Marmontel's heroine, might be advantageously introduced on our theatre.

The world, though perfectly acquainted with the professional excellence of Mrs. Abington, is perhaps to be informed, that there is scarcely a better judge of dramatic literature, than this great actress: flattered therefore by her opinion, I readily took up the pen, and sketched out the following scenes, with a view of exhibiting them at her benefit. The difficulty however of producing a new piece accurately, which is solely designed for the emolu-

a ment

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ment even of the first performers, occurring to us both, Mrs. Abington generously refused to hazard any little reputation which I might possess, upon her account ; and I took my trifle the more readily back, from a reflection that she could only have, what she always has on her night, an overflowing theatre. One of the many accidents attending the government of the stage, has now brought it to Covent Garden house, and though disappointed in my purpose with respect to Mrs. Abington, the great justice done me by the managers, as well as by the performers, gives me abundant cause to be satisfied with my situation—But to the piece—

The circumstance of a young lady's falling in love with the friend of a man whom she was intended to marry, though the foundation of Marmontel's tale, has no novelty in it ; those who are conversant with the drama, will not only find it in many of our comedies, but in many of our tragedies also. On this account, I paid little attention to Marmontel's mode of advancing the catastrophe, and am solely indebted to him for the character of Zelida. Sir Hector Strangers, Lady Di, Orson, Pillage, and Buffora, are entirely my own ; and this acknowledgment is a justice indispensibly due to the celebrated French novellist, because those who are unacquainted with the story in
the

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

the original, might otherwise think him answerable for many of my imperfections. Indeed, if the same indulgence should accompany **THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR**, to the closet, which distinguished its appearance on the stage, Marmontel would not have much cause to tremble for his *Gentle East Indian*; nor should I have any thing to apprehend from the animadversion of criticism.

It has, I confess, been remarked by some of my warmest friends, that the manners neither of a Knight of the Bath, nor of an English admiral, are preserved in Sir Hector Strangeways; I grant the objection in its fullest force, and have, in the character of Lady Di, myself made the observation; but it is for this very reason Sir Hector becomes an object of ridicule, and consequently a fair object of comedy: the manners are frequently to comedy, what the passions are to tragedy. If people were to act with propriety in private life, or with justice in public, the chief sources both of comedy and tragedy would be speedily shut up. Sir John Falstaff, Sir Francis Wronghead, and Sir John Brute, for instance, are so many disgraces to their rank; yet, in the whole rounds of the sock, where shall we find three such admirable characters? In like manner, with regard to tragedy, we must admit that kings should be just, liberal, and merciful;

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

but if we are to condemn a poet for making them rash, rapacious, or inhuman, what will become of those three great works, which reflect such honour on the British stage, Lear, Richard, and Macbeth ?

Upon the whole, as there is no rank without its occasional disgrace, we must, to correct folly or vice, paint men as they *sometimes are*, not as they *always ought to be* ; and if in tragedy we terrify people into virtue, by exhibiting the consequences resulting from their crimes, we must in comedy, laugh them into correctness, by shewing the ridicule they necessarily incur when they act below the consequence of their characters.

Had I held Sir Hector up as an object of *imitation*, there might be a just objection to him ; but representing him as an object of *ridicule*, he becomes, I hope, not only inoffensive but instructive ; and we may as well conceive society to be degraded by the exhibition of a fool or a villain, as suppose either that the navy, or the order of the Bath is insulted, by the character of Sir Hector Strangeways. —

HUGH KELLY.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

Written by Mr. KELLY.

Spoken by Mr. LEE.

TO-night, good folks, tho' led a little dance,
Thro' the light mazes of an Hour's Romance,
No spells, no spectres have you cause to dread,
Not one poor thunder rumbles o'er your head;
Nor will the tempest howling thro' the trees,
Once rouse your horror—with a storm of pease.—
Between ourselves, this poet was a fool,
To plan by common sense, or build by rule;
When ev'n the mightiest masters of the stage,
Have gain'd so much from *trick*, in ev'ry age!
Shakespeare is great—is exquisite—no doubt—
But then our carpenters must help him out;
The deep distresses of a mad'ning Lear,
In vain would ask the tributary tear,
If, 'midst the fury of the midnight sky,
Our rosin light'nings did not aptly fly,
And pity warmly plead to be let in,
Thro' a smart-shower of heart-exploring tin.—
Let critics proudly form dramatic laws,
Give me, say I, what's sure to meet applause;
Let them of time, and place, and action boast,
I'm for a devil, a dungeon, or a ghost.—
When Hamlet weeping for a murder'd fire,
Upbraids his mother with a guilty fire,
Tho' ev'ry line a plaudit should command,
Not one god yonder will employ his hand.
But cas'd in canvass, let the dead stalk in,
Then the loud pæans—then the claps begin—
And pit, box, gall'ry, eagerly contend,
Exalted strife! who loudest shall commend
The frantic ha! The Bedlamite—"look there—
The start—the heave—the stagger—and the stare!—
To dear Macbeath, the learned ladies all run—
What to enjoy?—the flaming of the cauldron.

P R O L O G U E.

Ask Molly Dripping there, so sleek and mild,
 (As good a cook as e'er drest roast or boil'd)
 What in all *Julet* makes her soonest weep?
 She'll say the fun'ral—"Tis so *verry* deep!
 Allur'd by sterling sentiment alone,
 "Cato for me," (cries Darby Macahone)
 "I never miss that play at any time,
 "If 'tis but *added* to a pantomime."—
 "Hoot,"—growls a bold North-Bratton, (taking snuff)
 "A pantomime is *axacrable* stuff—
 "Na bag-pipes in the bond—They donna play
 "The *Corn Rags*, or the *Barks of Andermay*."—
 In short, tho' all stage mummerly despise,
 All want a banquet for their ears or eyes;
 And while at shews they take the most offence,
 Still make them bladders to the shore of sense,
 The name our author gives his piece to-night,
 Wou'd well admit a supper for the sight;
 A grand collection of dramatic dishes,
 Of dragons, giants, forests, rivers, fishes;
 Yet tho' he calls his trifle a romance,
 He does not treat you with a single dance,
 Nor use one hackney'd, one eccentric art,
 To lull your judgment, or to cheat your heart—
 He brings, indeed, a character to view,
 From Indian climes, he trusts entirely new—
 A poor Gentoo, compos'd of virtues all,
 Tho' fresh from English nabobs at Bengal;
 His face, perhaps, too swarthy you may find;
 "Yet see Othello's visage in his mind—"
 And 'till you've fairly tried our trembling Bays,
 Forbear to blame—but do not fear to praise,

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. KELLY.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

SOMEBODY says, but I forgot his name,
That howe'er faults or follies we may blame,
We're all in turn, tho' all extremely wise,
The very things we laugh at, or despise——
The bold fox-hunter just come up to town,
From—"Yoiks, hark forward," loves to seem a clown;
Thro' pride, tears up politeness by the roots——
Ne'er combs his hair—and visits you in boots——
Milkshops along, he thinks their forms shou'd deck,
And scorns the man that fears to break a neck——
In three months time, how alter'd is his note,
His head's all wings, or bak'd in papilotte——
The honest buckskin which once clear'd the ditches,
Our modern Nimrod turns to fatten breeches,
And grown half female, wondrous to relate!
He screams in slumber at a five-bar'd gate.

'The city buck, accusom'd long to bruise,
Who swears at France, and damns all "parley-voos;"
If but one week from Margate led at most,
To swill and smuggle on the Flemish coast,
Returning bawls in ev'ry dowdy's face——
"Comment charmantè, quelle ravissant grace!"

[Spoken in the English accent.]

And in due course from Aldgate to the Strand,
Raves of a *cottillan*, and *allemand*.

Monfieur, indeed, with cockney is quite even,
Tho' much to joke upon this nation given——
He calls a Briton—"Barbare, Unbelief!"
Yet leaves his frogs with rapture for roast beef;
And finds a ready fortune to be made is,
In rouge for men, and perriwigs for ladies.
At foul corruption, Surly tears his throat—
He scorns to give a shilling for a vote;
But mark the riot of the county round,
And every voice has cost him twenty pound.
There some, who think our liberties divine,
Will eat them thro', in turkey, or in chine—
And other's, while at venal tools they rail,
Drown their poor country in a butt of ale.

But

E P I L O G U E.

But while our bards these gen'ral faults make known,
 Pray let them hear a little of their own.
 How many authors of our modern stage,
 Affect to rise the wonders of their age,
 By bare translations from Moliere, Corneille,
 Racine, and numbers needfuls here to tell—
 Yet each a jackdaw, dress'd in foreign plumes,
 On his own beauty saucily presumes;
 Looks on the parent bird with haughty eyes,
 From whom entirely he purloin'd his dyes;
 Or solely tells us when he comes to print,
 Tho' *all* is *stolen*—He *borrow'd* but a *hint*—
 Ah that these daws were fortunately tost on
 Thy coasts Connecticut, or thine O Boston!
 Their noblest flights thou might'st for ever mar,
 And spoil their feathers, with a little tar.—
 Whether by policy or justice led,
 A diff'rent path our author means to tread;
 And tho' a petty dealer, will not sell
 As his own goods, a thought of MARMONTEL—
 The timid ZELIDA you saw to-night,
 In that great master first beheld the light;
 And if you hail her now dramatic morn,
 I'll ever bless the moment she was born.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Sir Hector Strangeways,	Mr. SHUTER.
Colonel Ormsby,	Mr. CLARKE.
Brownlow,	Mr. BENSLEY.
Orson,	Mr. QUICK.
Buffora,	Mr. LEE LEWES.
Pillage,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
James,	Mr. BATES.

W O M E N.

Zelida,	Mrs. BULKLEY.
Lady Di Strangeways,	Mrs. GREEN.
Jenny,	Miss PEARSE.

The SCENE LONDON.

Time, the Time of Representation.

THE
ROMANCE OF AN HOUR,

A
C O M E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment at Sir Hector Strangeways.

Enter SIR HECTOR and LADY DI.

Sir Hector. **A**N impudent puppy, to pester me with his fees of honour. I thought that at court it was not honourable to pay any thing.

Lady D. But Sir Hector Strangeways—

Sir Hec. But Lady Di Strangeways, I tell you again, that if I had all the wealth of the Spanish galleons, I would not part with a single piece of eight upon this occasion.—I did not ask them to knight me, and they may unknight me again, if they like it; for I value the broad pendant on the Dreadnought mast-head, above any title which they can splice to all the red, or green, or blue rags in Christendom.

B

Lady

Lady D. Well, my dear, but though an admiral's uniform is a very pretty thing, there is something inexpressibly attracting in a star; and if I could only persuade you to wear a bag-wig, that red ribbon would give a world of brilliancy to your complexion.

Sir Hec. My complexion! Zounds, wife, don't make me mad! A weather-beaten sailor of fifty, ought to be mightily concerned about the brilliancy of his complexion.

Lady D. Lord, Sir Hector, you are not so old by half a year—and if you would follow my advice about the bag, you'd look as young as Billy Brownlow——

Sir Hec. Avaft, Di—Avaft—I have already suffered you to crowd too much canvass, and to make a puppy of me sufficiently.

Lady D. I beg, Sir Hector, that you will soften the coarseness of your phraseology, and use a little less of the quarter-deck dialect.

Sir Hec. Zounds, madam, 'tis your own fault if the gale blows in your teeth—I might have been out with a squadron in the Mediterranean, hadn't I humoured your fancy, and foolishly staid to be pip'd in at the installation—However, there's some chance yet—the admiral appointed, is attended by three doctors, and if they heave him over, I have a promise of succeeding in the command—There's a cable of comfort for you to snatch at Lady Di.

Lady D. Yes, you cruel! and, for fear bad news should not reach me soon enough, you have ordered an express to be sent up directly from Portsmouth, the moment the poor admiral is gathered to his progenitors.

Sir

Sir Hec. Yes, the moment his anchor is a peak; and I'll take your son Orson with me too, for I shall have him turn'd into a monkey if he stays much longer ashore.

Lady D. Surely you won't be such a brute, my love—The boy is quite a sea-monster already---and I must keep him close under my own eye, to give him some little touches of humanity.

Sir Hec. Orson is wild, I grant, but he is well-meaning; and therefore I forbid all lessons of good breeding, that are likely to make a heel in his principles.

Enter ORSON.

Orson. Huzza, father, huzza!

Sir Hec. What do you cheer at, lad?

Orf. Here's an advice boat, that Colonel Ormsby has just made London, and will take a birth with us before the evening gun is fir'd!

Lady D. How often must I tell you, child, that it is exceedingly vulgar to appear either surprized or overjoyed at any thing.

Sir Hec. Don't desire the boy to slacken his sails in a chase of good nature.

Lady D. Why, what is the fool in raptures for? He never saw Colonel Ormsby since the moment of his existence.

Orf. No mother---but I know that he is my uncle Brownlow's friend---That he has weathered my uncle from many a bitter blast, and is to be married to the sweet young lady my uncle lately brought us home from Bengal.

Sir Hec. And has any body carried the news to Zelida?

Lady D. The lady Zelida, my dear—you know that her father was an Indian Omrah, or nobleman of great authority !

Orf. I sent Buffora aloft with the news, and the poor fellow was as much rejoic'd as a man of war at short allowance would be in sight of the Downs.

Sir Hec. I do love that Buffora—he's so faithful a creature, and has a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Lady D. I don't wonder that he's so great a favourite with his lady, for he's extremely intelligent, and would, I dare say, readily hazard his life in her service.

Orf. Zounds, I'd stand a broad-side for her myself at any time.

Sir Hec. Damn you, firrah, do you swear ? One would think that your ship was sinking, and that you expected every moment to be launch'd into the next world, you young rascal !

Lady D. Ay, this is your blessed system of sea-education.

Sir Hec. Hark'ee 'scapegrace, mind your hits, if you'd avoid a rope's end ; and remember to keep your wickedness under hatches, 'till you come to years of discretion, you puppy !

Lady D. Mercy upon us ! and is he then to let it appear above board—Fine doctrine, truly, that our vices are to be excus'd, in proportion as we acquire a consciousness of their enormity.—You shou'd study my mode of expression, Sir Hector.

Orf. Why, I meant no harm, tho' I've rais'd such a squall. Every body loves Miss Zelida, and many a heavy heart has it given me, since

she cast anchor in this house, to see her so melancholy, poor soul!

Sir Hec. She's a delightful girl, that's the truth of it — And I hope that the arrival of Ormsby will prevent the worms of her sorrow from eating into the planks of her constitution.

Lady D. Lord, my dear, do you think that a mind so delicate as her's, can be destitute of gratitude, or indifferent about a man, who not only repeatedly sav'd her father's life in the commotions of the East, but what was still more, preserv'd the ladies of his family from violation.

Sir Hec. Come, come, Ormsby is a noble fellow.

Orf. As ever stept from stem to stern, my uncle Brownlow says.

Sir Hec. And Zelida's father behav'd nobly to him, when his dead lights were hung out.

Lady D. I suppose you mean by bequeathing him this only daughter in his last moments, who is mistress of so large a fortune.

Sir Hec. Why, is not she an Acapulco vessel in herself, to say nothing of her being ballasted with rupees and pagodas?

Lady D. And cou'd her father, who lov'd the English extremely, who married her mother, an English woman, and who knew the Colonel's worth so well, act more prudently, in the distracted state of his country, than in giving his child to a man, who was not only able to protect her against all dangers, but calculated besides, to make her an admirable husband.

Sir Hec. Why your brother tells me that Abdalla had none of his country superstition on board his mind.

Orf. Wasn't he a heathen, father?

Sir Hec.

Sir. Hec. Yes, lad ; but for all that he steer'd his course very sensibly, and knew that the chart of a good conscience would bring a ship of any nation to safe moorings, in what our methodist boatswain calls the river of Jordan.

Orf. Lord, father, boatswain says that river runs by some town call'd the New Jerusalem, but I never cou'd find either of them in the map.

Lady D. You may easily judge the liberality of Abdalla's mind, by the accomplishments of Zelida.

Sir Hec. Why she speaks English, French, and Italian.

Lady D. Like her vernacular tongue.

Orf. Yes, she has a rare knack at her tongue ; and I don't believe that there's ever a foreign merchantman in the whole Thames, but she's able to hail in her own lingo.

Sir Hec. Then she sings so sweetly.

Orf. Yes, father ; but she sings always mournful, like the mad negro that died in love for the ale-house girl at Portsmouth.

Lady D. Like the mad negro ! Mercy upon me, what a thing am I a mother to !

Sir Hec. Doesn't she dance charmingly, Di ?

Lady D. Divinely—I know but one woman in England who is her superior in that accomplishment.

Sir Hec. And she is no more to be compar'd to that woman in any thing, than one of the royal yachts to a bum-boat upon the Thames.

Lady D. I am always certain of a compliment from you, Sir Hector.

Orf. Lord, mother, sure it wasn't yourself that you were weighing up with Miss Zelida.

Lady D.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR: 7

Lady D. You odious sea-calf—quit the room.
Quit the room, you detestable porpoise!

Sir Hec. Who runs foul of politeness now,
Di?

Orf. We have best cut and run, father.

Lady D. And you, Sir Hector, to stand by and
see me treated in this manner.

Sir Hec. Slip the cables, lad: this is damnable
weather, and will speedily blow a hurricane.

[*Exit Sir Hec. and Orson.*]

Lady D. The brutes—the abominable brutes!
No woman, surely, had ever such a husband, or
such a son. But I deserve it all, for having the
least connection with an element, where the ut-
most the very best can arrive at, is to be so many
respectable Hottentots! My sufferings should
teach ladies of beauty and birth not to throw their
persons away—Yet I should not have been thrown
away myself, if any lover had offered, of a more
eligible character than this barbarian here.

[*Exit.*]

The Scene changes to a Library.

BROWNLOW and BUSSORA discover'd.

Brown. Your lady burst into tears, Buffora, on
hearing of Colonel Ormsby's arrival?

Buff. Yes, and not the tears of joy neither, Mr.
Brownlow.

Brown. I am sorry for it.

Buff. Ah! me wish she have never leave Ben-
gal—For tho' she have no yet learn to teach the
lie to her feelings, still me fear that she has learn
some

Sir. Hec. Yes, lad ; but for all that he steer'd his course very sensibly, and knew that the chart of a good conscience would bring a ship of any nation to safe moorings, in what our methodist boatswain calls the river of Jordan.

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THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

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Buss. Yes, and not the tears of joy neither, Mr.
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Brown. I am sorry for it.

Buss. Ah! me wish she have never leave Ben-
gal—For tho' she have no yet learn to teach the
lie to her feelings, still me fear that she has learn
some

some other of the no good fashions of this country.

Brown. What do you mean?

Buff. Me mean that she is going to marry Colonel Ormsby, without having in my tink any regard for him.

Brown. You were born in her father's service, Buffora, are the only attendant she has of her own country, and she confides, I know, with great reason, in your attachment to her.

Buff. Me can die with pleasure for her good---me must die with grief if her do wrong ting.

Brown. And would it be a wrong thing to fulfil her father's last commands, by marrying Colonel Ormsby?

Buff. Ah! Mr. Brownlow, wrong ting one place, right ting another. Wrong ting in India lady no to love husband; very right ting for English lady to hate husband heartily.

Brown. Why indeed, Buffora, we never have any ladies here, desirous of burning themselves at the funeral of a husband. But has your lady given you any reasonable cause to suspect an aversion to the marriage with Colonel Ormsby?

Buff. O, if she love Colonel, why weep at him come to England?

Brown. (*aside*) 'Tis as I fear'd.

Buff. Now for heaven love, Mr. Brownlow, as she regard you much, advise her. You was all care, all goodness to her in passage from Bengal, and soon dried her tears for father and for country.

Brown. I think you said, she means to see me here in a few minutes.

Buff. Yes, yes, and pray tell, since her must marry Colonel, that though no love husband is very

very well among Christians, him is very wicked among Gentoos.

Brown. But you forget all this time that I am a Christian, Buffora.

Buff. Ah, no, you be too good; me saw you save black man's life, and no plunder in India. Besides, you have behaved like brother to my lady, place her with your own sister, and said oftener, than a thousand times, that there was no sin in have copper complexion. [Exit.]

Brown. Into what a distressing situation am I plung'd! Ormsby come, and Zelida, as I dreaded, upon my account, averse to ratify her engagements. Little did I conceive that my very desire to discharge my trust like a true friend to poor Ormsby, would prove the source of his mortification, or that my endeavours, during the course of our passage from Bengal, to soften the anxiety of Zelida's mind at the death of her father, would be attended with such unlucky consequences. Let my sentiments, however, in favour of this lovely infidel, be what they may, the obligations I owe my friend, as well as the trust he has reposed in my honour, would render it not only cruel, but infamous in me, to indulge a hope repugnant to his wishes. Since, therefore, she can never be mine, I shall shew my regard for her in the best manner, by prevailing upon her to accept the only man on earth, who is most entitled to her affection, and who, if I had not unfortunately interven'd, would certainly have possessed it.

Enter ZELIDA.

Zel. So Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Something has offended you, my dearest Zelida.

C

Zel.

Zel. I am not satisfied with myself, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Then I am afraid that you are not just to yourself; for when have you once committed an impropriety? You have heard that Colonel Ormsby is arrived?

Zel. It was upon this very business that I wanted to consult you, Brownlow.

Brown. As your engagements with Colonel Ormsby are no secret, there can be no impropriety in speaking upon the subject to his friend.

Zel. Engagements!—I am under no engagements.

Brown. No, Madam!

Zel. (*with emphasis*) No, Sir! My father could not engage me to do an impossibility. I esteem, I reverence, Colonel Ormsby: but my very gratitude for the services which he has rendered my family, obliges me to deny him a hand which is not accompanied by a heart.

Brown. My dearest creature, the Colonel's merit and your principles, will be sufficient foundation for happiness after marriage, tho' at the performance of the ceremony there should not be as much passion as might be wish'd on your side.

Zel. The Colonel, as a man of merit, should not be deceiv'd with an alienated heart—as a man of honour, he would despise it.

Brown. And have you no pity for the Colonel?

Zel. You have no pity for me, and indeed very little for your friend, when you want to give him a wife, who cannot be his without a falshood.

Brown. Poor Ormsby, what must he feel?

Zel. He will feel like a man of honour; otherwise what he feels, is below consideration.—In one word, therefore, I never will be his.

Brown.

Brown. Consider your father's last commands.

Zel. I consider the spirit of his intention, not the mere form of his words; he wanted to make me happy, and I will not disappoint him, if I can help it.

Brown. Excuse me for pressing this matter so strongly.

Zel. I do excuse you. I know that you have obligations to Ormsby, as well as myself; but it is a false gratitude, a false generosity, which requires us to forego our happiness, and if we must repay a favour with our honour, or our peace of mind, it may often be the kindest thing imaginable, to leave us sinking under our misfortunes.

Brown. O, Zelida!

Zel. You tremble, Brownlow, a tear is standing in your eye, what's the matter with you?

Brown. Nothing. *(sighs.)*

Zel. And that sigh springs from nothing too, does it? Why do you torture me, Brownlow?

Brown. Torture you? I wish you to be happy! I implore you to marry Ormsby.

Zel. And do you, Brownlow, *really*, do you *sincerely*, do you *indeed* wish that I should marry the Colonel?

Brown. Why do you ask such a question?

Zel. Why should you hesitate to answer it?

Brown. It is already answered in the advice I have given you.

Zel. Is it?

Brown. O, Zelida! You are as dear to me as---

Zel. As what, Brownlow?

Brown. What would I say? As if you were actually my sister.

Zel. However, if I *must* be your sister, where is the necessity of my being married at all? I can live with you and Lady Di.

Brown. I must relinquish you to the guardianship of Ormsby.—My sister, besides, tho' a worthy woman, is a whimsical one, and my family is importunate with me——

Zel. To marry too—and perhaps your heart is already engag'd.

Brown. Spare me on this subject, Dear Zelida!

Zel. Why, you may tell me, you know, since I am your sister.

Brown. If I must speak, it is too deeply——

Zel. Ah! (*aside*) And is the lady very handsome, Brownlow?

Brown. How she wrings my heart! An angel!

Zel. But why do you sigh? You don't despair of obtaining her?

Brown. I am totally hopeless! She must be married to another!

Zel. Oh! Brownlow, how I pity you! 'Tis a dreadful thing to lose the object of one's heart!

Brown. I find it so, indeed, Zelida—but there is a fatality in love. Few, I fear, are happy enough to marry, where they really bestow their affections. Your case, my dearest girl, is far from singular; let me therefore again, conjure you, for all our sakes, to give Ormsby the reception he expects at your hands: I will not trespass any longer on your patience. To see you thus agitated, overwhelms me with affliction! Summon up your fortitude, my sweet sister, and be assur'd that if my life could purchase your tranquility, I shou'd chearfully resign it.

[*Exit.*

(Zelida sits and muses some time, then rings a bell.)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Did you ring, Madam?

Zel. Yes, James, send Buffora to me.

Ser. I will, Madam.

[Exit.

Zel. *(walking about some time in disorder)* Where can this Buffora be?

Enter BUSSORA.

You have been along time coming.

Buff. O dear lady, when mind is no easy—the lightning himself walk on crutches.

Zel. I have news that will rejoice you, Buffora, *(sighs)* I mean to leave England immediately.

Buff. And go again to land of our father's, lady?

Zel. I do.

Buff. How come him blessing about lady?

Zel. Not liking Colonel Ormsby—I am resolv'd never to marry him.

Buff. Heav'n be tank lady.

Zel. We must, however, get away by stealth, Buffora, for this is a nation of contradictions; and as the people are mighty lovers of liberty, we may not be suffered to follow our own inclinations.

Buff. Me thot that in this house you have all friends, lady.

Zel. Ah Buffora, there is no living in this unaccountable place.—A father here, will break his daughter's heart to make her happy; and a woman may be a very excellent wife who has no regard whatever for her husband!

Zel.

Buff. O dear!—Law too lady, him very vile here, of which 'em boast so much—Poor starving devil he hang up, if he steal rupee for dinner—But him good enough to be a lord, if he rob a hundred thousand pounds.

Zel. Well Buffora, we'll stay no longer in a place where the kindness of the best friends, is as dangerous as the malice of the worst enemies—Yet, as I quit this house clandestinely, it will be proper to leave such little presents as I have accepted behind me, together with a letter accounting for my conduct, and making proper acknowledgments for the civilities I have received.

Buff. To be sure, lady; ungrateful him only belong to christian.

Zel. Here's a watch set with diamonds, given me by Colonel Ormsby.—This brilliant, (*beigh bo*) I had from Mr. Brownlow—and this is Lady Di's picture.

Buff. Yes, lady; me wonder how painter can make like of the lady's in England—um have so many complexion.—in morning um is yellow—in noon um is red—in evening um is red and white—and when em go to bed, um faces have fifty colours, just so as back of alligator upon Ganges.

Zel. I think I have recollected every thing.

Buff. No, lady: here is little paint of Mr. Brownlow for lady his sister—You bid me borrow him this morning from limner, and me forgot him in other business.

Zel. This!—O—this I'll take with me.

Buff. Ah! lady—White man, him cou'd do no more worse, as take what no his.

Zel. Why, to be sure it is not mine, Buffora, nor is it of any intrinsic value.

Buff.

Buff. So much less reason for take him, lady—
Then he flatter Mr. Brownlow so much, that he
no like at all.

Zel. Nay now I don't think it flatters him in
the least.

Buff. Here is mout so pretty.

Zel. Why does not Mr. Brownlow smile in this
delightful manner?

Buff. Mr. Brownlow very good man—and grin
very handsome—but——

Zel. Then observe these eyes.

Buff. Mr. Brownlow very good man—and stare
very well—but——

Zel. Here take the picture——I see you know
nothing of the matter—and yet Buffora, I have a
strange fancy for the picture too—It will remind
me of many interesting occurrences, and I would
gladly give ten times its real value to take it along
with me.

Buff. O then lady, leave him ten times his
worth, and take him away——for greatest man in
country here, he never quarrel with good bar-
gain.

Zel. I'll follow your advice, my good Buffora —
so get a coach ready in the next street, while I pre-
pare a letter for Lady Di— I'am quite delighted
that you have taught me a way of taking this
trifle so properly.

Buff. O lady, 'tis by do what him should not,
in little ting, that Europe man learn trick of com-
mitting biggest wickedness——But we shall soon
again see land of fore-fathers—and tank de kind
Heav'n, that have no let our minds be worsend by
live in England.

[*Exit exultingly.*]

Zel.

Zel. Heigh ho!—Now Buffora is gone, my spirits sink, and I tremble at the thought of executing my own resolution—This house is very dear to me, tho' I am preparing to bid it an eternal farewell—How tenderly did Brownlow look at me!—And must I never see him again?—But why should I desire to see him; his heart is another's, and mine shall break before it entertains a wish which is either mean, or criminal,

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Room.

Enter ORSON and PILLAGE.

Orf. Well Master Pillage, I am heartily glad to lie along side of you once more.—And how have you left all our old ship-mates at Portsmouth?

Pil. Pure and well as to health, Master Orson, but cursedly down in the mouth that there is no war.—Trade is damn'd dead in Portsmouth;—half the public houses shut up—little or no playing at cards.

Orf. And I suppose not a quarter of the girls at the back of the Point, that there used to be?

Pil. Nothing like it, Master Orson—We did hope that the death of the French King would have kick'd up a dust. But damn it, there's no spunk left in the nation now.

Orf. No more there is, purser—for even when they pipe all hands at the parliament house, they do nothing but refit the coin, or give a larger tier of cable to the papishes—Our ships are now rotting in peace, and we may as well have no navy at all, as not be at war with somebody you know!

Pil.

Pil. And I warrant now you have not half the pleasure here that you have when you are down with the Dreadnought?

Orf. Pleasure! Lord help your head—I lead ten times a worse life than a cabin boy.

Pil. I feared as much.

Orf. Mother is wanting me for ever to read fine books, and father, if I'm not at home before it's dark, is for ever threatning me with the bilboes—Then I'm oblig'd to go to church twice every Sunday.

Pil. You don't say so?

Orf. Ay, but I do—father thinks me too young to be wicked—If I swear an oath, or get drunk now and then, he storms as if a candle was left in the powder-room.

Pil. Why that's damn'd hard.

Orf. (*Half crying*) Isn't it?—If there was a war, I could sit up all night sometimes at cards; and grapple now and then with a girl—Father loves a girl himself, tho' he is married.

Pil. Why I thought you had girls in plenty here.

Orf. Yes, there's enough of 'em cruizing in every corner, at night—and for that matter, in the day time too—But they can't produce bills of health—And there's no making 'em perform quarantine, you know.

Pil. Well I am come up post to London, to ask your father a favour, and I'll beg of him to let you sup with me this evening.

Orf. Egad, and if you do, I'll take you on a little trip to Bagnigge Wells, where you'll see some tight sloops very prettily rigg'd, tho' they mostly sail under Jew commanders.

Pil. And if the Admiral—I beg his pardon, Sir Hector, stands my friend—You shan't want money, to keep a little pleasure boat of your own, master Orson.

Ors. Zounds, you are the best friend I ever sail'd with in all my life, and if I can help to tow you to your wishes, you need only make a signal.

Pil. Thank you kindly, master Orson— But where's your father?

Ors. Asleep in his great chair.

Pil. What, he got a little rocky or so, after dinner?

Ors. Yes, he shipp'd a good deal of grog—but he left strict orders with me to wake him if any body came from Portsmouth.

Pil. Zounds that's lucky, for my business requires haste—You must know the purser of the Rising Sun died last night.

Ors. I wish you had his birth—She's a first rate.

Pil. And my present ship is only a seventy-four—I want a letter, therefore, from your father, to a certain great man—Sir Hector's interest is very good—and he promised to serve me at any time--- Besides, I am a freeholder in five different counties.

Ors. Ah! that won't do you much good now, as the elections are all over: tho' father says that above fifty thousand pair of jaws have been wagging away these last three months, for the good of the kingdom. But come along with me to the shrouds, and I'll wake him directly.

Pil. He's above stairs then?

Ors. Yes, mother and he had a tight engagement a while ago; and so to shew that he wan't afraid to keep the sea, he ordered his pipe and his grog to be haul'd aloft into her dressing room.

Pil. Up with you then, I follow.

Orf. Well, a good voyage to you, and then
hey for the little pleasure-boat, master Pillage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes, and discovers Sir Hector asleep in a dressing-room. A punch-bowl, with pipes and tobacco on a toilet-table.

Enter ORSON.

Orf. Hip, father, holloa!

Sir Hec. Hey, what noise is all that? Can't you change the watch quietly and be damn'd to you? The timbers of my head are splitting.

Orf. Master Pillage, the purser, is come at the rate of nine knots an hour, from Portsmouth, father, and so I waked you according to orders.

Sir Hec. And how is the admiral? Has he struck the flag of life?

Orf. I didn't ask, father.

Sir Hec. You blockhead—You are a fine one to keep a look out at the top-mast—where is Pillage?

Orf. Close a-stern in the next room.

Sir Hec. Bid him come a-board here instantly.

Orf. I will, father—Father lays a little gunnel to yet, but he'll be right upon his keel quickly—Zounds, if a match was set to him, now he's so hot, he'd go off like a sky-rocket!

[*Exit.*]

Sir Hec. My friend, the resident commissioner, has certainly dispatched Pillage to me, express, with an account of the admiral's striking—Well,

there's a brave officer laid up for ever in dock—
But death will yellow us all in turn, and so I shall
only think of succeeding to the command.

Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. Sir Hector, your most obedient !

Sir Hec. Ha ! honest Pillage—my old Heart of
Oak, as I us'd to call you.

Pil. Ah ! Sir Hector, you were always my
good friend.

Sir Hec. And I always will be your friend, Pil-
lage.

Pil. I know you never forget your word, Sir
Hector.

Sir Hec. Never fail'd in the teeth of a promise,
since I was first rated able on the books of crea-
tion—damn me—And so he is dead, Pillage ?

Pil. Yes, Sir Hector, he's gone.

Sir Hec. And a worthy fellow he was !

Pil. As ever sold a puncheon of rum, Sir
Hector.

Sir Hec. Sold a puncheon of rum !—But what
time did you leave Portsmouth, my good Pil-
lage ?

Pil. Within an hour after he died.

Sir Hec. And all the sails in the harbour were
lower'd

Pil. Not one, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Wasn't that behaving with too little
respect to the service, my dear friend ?

Pil. He was not of rank enough, Sir Hector,
tho' an excellent officer, and scarcely to be equal-
led in his station by any in the navy.

Sir Hec. You are mistaken, Pillage, 'tis a com-
pliment always paid to an officer of his rank—
How.

However, if my interest carries the weight of metal, I expect the navy will not suffer very much by the accident.

Pil. O you are too good, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Too good, man—for what? why 'tis the top-gallant object of my heart.

Pil. O Sir Hector—But as there may be other people pushing, when shall I hope that you'll mention the matter at the Admiralty?

Sir Hec. I'll stretch for Chaining crosses this very hour—the pinnacle out there—Poh! I mean the chariot, you rascals.

Pil. A thousand thanks to you, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. And a thousand thanks to you for flying the streamers of your satisfaction;---here's a little mark of friendship, I must beg you to wear as a keep-sake. *(giving him a ring.)*

Pil. Dear Sir Hector, you quite distress me—Then you think there's no danger of refusal?

Sir Hec. Refuse me, Pillage!

Pil. Why, Sir Hector, I don't believe they'd venture to do that.—Your consequence is too well known.

Sir Hec. Let me see which of them would open a port-hole of denial upon Hector Strangeways.

Pil. If they shou'd boggle, however, Sir Hector, you know I have some pretensions.

Sir Hec. I don't understand you.

Pil. I have been thirty years in the navy, you know.

Sir Hec. And what then, my dear friend?

Pil. Was wounded at Martinico.

Sir Hec. I know your merit, my good Pillage—But what then?

Pil. Tho' I was not obliged to be on deck.

Sir Hec. Zounds! and what then?

Pil.

Pil. Nay, Sir Hector, I don't suppose that more regard will be paid to service than usual.

Sir Hec. Why which way does the wind blow?

Pil. Yet, if I should have the good fortune to be appointed.

Sir Hec. You appointed, man! Why you have lost the rudder of your understanding.

Pil. Why not, Sir Hector? For tho' a seventy-four is the largest ship I have serv'd in—

Sir Hec. We are sailing here without compass.

Pil. Dear Sir Hector, didn't you say you'd be so good as to speak for me at the admiralty.

Sir Hec. Zounds, for you! I couldn't be such a madman.

Pil. O Sir Hector!

Sir Hec. Speak for you to succeed vice-admiral Grampus?

Pil. Vice-admiral Grampus! Why, Sir Hector, I'm not quite fit for Bedlam yet—I thought master Orson had told you—

Sir Hec. What?

Pil. That I came to beg your interest to succeed honest Ralph Rapine.

Sir Hec. Who?

Pil. The purser of the Rising Sun.

Sir Hec. Damn Orson—and damn you—and damn the purser of the Rising Sun.

Pil. Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Why, harkee, firrah—Weren't you dispatched by the commissioner, to acquaint me with the death of vice-admiral Grampus?

Pil. Not I indeed, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Not you indeed!—

Pil. For I left the admiral out of danger.

Sir Hec. You did ?

Pil. Yes, Sir Hector, and never spoke to the commissioner in my life.

Sir Hec. Why then you are a most impudent rascal, for suffering me to be disturbed on your account, when I had turn'd in with a fire between decks, and a damnable smash in my round-top.

Pil. Sir Hector—

Sir Hec. Get out of my house this moment, you puppy.

Pil. Sir Hector—

Sir Hec. You deserve a keel-hauling, you dog—or, damn me, if I was a despotic prince, I'd instantly hang you up at the yard-arm.

[Exit Pillage driven off by Sir Hector.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

*The Scene an Apartment.**Enter Lady Di and ORSON.*

Lady Di. **P**ART of Colonel Ormsby's baggage come already?

Ors. Yes, mother, and he'll be here himself in a few minutes.

Lady D. Well, and where's your father, child?

Ors. Lighting a fresh pipe, I believe, mother, over a little gin-grog, in the cabin above.

Lady D. Go, child, and tell him I wish to speak to him this instant : this instant ; do you hear, booby !—Mercy upon me, I am quite weary of this world.

Ors. I wish you were landed upon a better, with all my heart then.

Lady D. Why, you wicked, unnatural reprobate.

Ors. Lord, mother, is it wicked to wish you riding safe in the other world, if you are afraid of foundering in this ? [Exit.

Lady D. Lighting a fresh pipe over a little gin-grog in the cabin above ! A pretty employment for a Knight of the Bath, and my husband. He'll breathe in flame, and speak in sulphur ; yet I must throw myself into his atmosphere, if he was as dangerous as an eruption from Vesuvius, for unless the bear is stroak'd into some conditions about beha-

behaviour, we shall appear downright savages to Colonel Ormsby.

Enter Sir HECTOR.

Sir Hec. Well, Di—I have bad news for you. The doctors have new sheath'd Admiral Grampus—and I am to continue land-lock'd upon your hands perhaps, till the nation is indulg'd with another war.

Lady D. How can you, Sir Hector, do so much injustice to my feelings, as to think I shall consider that bad news?

Sir Hec. Why how's this, Di?—The sky's cleared up, and your temper as smooth as the Pacific in a trade wind!

Lady D. I have been thinking, my dear, how very ridiculous it is for us ever to have the smallest disagreement.

Sir Hec. So it is, Di—The quarrel of a man and wife is like a fight between two privateers, where there is nothing but hard knocks to be got on either side.

Enter ORSON and ORMSBY.

Orf. Here he is, father, here's Colonel Ormsby.

Lady D. What a bawling the blockhead keeps. Dear Colonel——

Orms. I rejoice to see your ladyship.

Sir Hec. What, my old boy! Here we are all, Hector, Aftyanax, and Andromache!

Orms. You are too good to me in this kind reception; and I am already too much obliged in

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the protection which you have extended to my poor East Indian.

Orf. Lord, father, neither she nor Buffora is come back yet.

Sir. Hec. Come back! I didn't know they were out of the house.

Ormsf. It was not altogether so kind of Zelida, to be absent on this occasion, as your brother informed me he had acquainted her with my arrival.

Sir Hec. That fellow there, might have kept an eye upon the harbour.

Orf. Lord, father, as she was not an enemy, what right had I to watch her sailing in or out of port?

Lady D. She was our guest, not our prisoner, my dear Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. And therefore you should have watch'd all her signals, my love.

Ormsf. Nay, Sir Hector, if Zelida would go out privately, how could Lady Di prevent it?

Lady D. I hope, my love, that I am not altogether destitute of breeding.

Sir Hec. My dear, you are the best bred woman alive, but, Zounds! what signifies your breeding, if this accident shou'd make us spring a-leak.

Lady D. My dear, don't lose your temper—'tis so underbred, you know.

Ormsf. I am quite unhappy that so trifling a circumstance should occasion the smallest difference between your ladyship and Sir Hector.

Lady D. You are very good, Colonel, and will make allowance for the manners of the fore-castle.

Orf. Now father——

Sir Hec.

Sir Hec. If he makes allowance for your manners, he'll be very good, indeed, Di.

Lady D. This is too much! Excuse me Colonel Ormsby—Stand out of the way, you impudent puppy, (*to ORSON*) you seem quite delighted with your father's brutality! [*Exit.*

Ormsf. Sir Hector, let me request that you will follow Lady Di, and make up this little difference.

Sir Hec. What, chace for the purpose of striking to the enemy?

Ormsf. For my sake do it, or I shall consider myself a disturber of the family union.

Sir Hec. Well, for your sake, Colonel.—Tho' damme this begging a defeat, is very strange service for an English admiral. [*Exit Sir Hec.*

Orf. Lord, Colonel, don't be concerned at this little brush between father and mother; they engage in the same manner twenty times a day.

Ormsf. I am sorry for it, young gentleman.

Orf. Why yesterday it rained very hard, and father going out for a little pleasure in an open boat—you must know—O here's my uncle—I'll sheer off: for two old messmates parted so long, may want some private jaw together.

[*Exit.*

Enter BROWNLOW.

Brown. My dear Ormsby! I ask your pardon for not being immediately in the way to receive you; but after we parted at the India House, I was unexpectedly detain'd on a very particular business.

Ormsf. Once more, Brownlow, let me express my happiness at seeing you, and my hopes that

we are both now securely fix'd for life in our country. We have each of us acquired a splendid fortune in the East, without incurring a stain upon our humanity.

(Enter JENNY (with a letter.)

Jenny (to Brownlow) Sir, my lady ordered me to deliver you this letter, which she found directed to herself, in the young East India lady's dressing room.

Brown. Give it to me, Jenny. [Exit Jenny.

Orms. My dear Brownlow, excuse my impertinence, but may I ask if any thing in that letter relates to Zelida?

Brown. There it is——'tis from herself—she has absolutely elop'd, and even says that my advice has determin'd her to pursue so extraordinary a measure.

Orms. (reads) "To Lady Di Strangeways.

"Madam,

"Tho' it is with infinite pain I tear myself
"from a family which has treated me with such
"peculiar civility, neither my happiness nor my
"honour, will allow me to receive the protection
"of your hospitable roof any longer. 'Tis
"impossible for me to act as your brother wishes,
"and his advice, join'd to some other reasons,
"determine me to leave England as speedily as
"possible. In return for a miniature I have
"robb'd you of, I beg you will condescendingly
"accept the diamond which lies on the toilet,
"and believe me, with the most perfect gratitude
"for all your goodness, your ever devoted

"ZELIDA."

“ Postscript.

“ The agitation of mind, under which I write,
“ is so great, that I have forgot to beg you will
“ present my best wishes, my best acknowledg-
“ ments, to Colonel Ormsby ; your brother too
“ has my warmest regards, tho’ he wants to make
“ me miserable, and drives me from a country
“ in which I hop’d to end my days.”

—Brownlow !—

Brown. Ormsby !

Orms. For heaven’s sake, explain this mystery !

Brown. You know as much of it, my dear friend, as I do.

Orms. Why she says positively here, that you wanted to make her miserable, and have driven her from the kingdom.

Brown. Simply, Ormsby, you must either think that I am a man of honour, or that I am not.

Orms. I have ever found you a man of the nicest honour, and as such, I have priz’d your friendship among the peculiar blessings of my life. But, Brownlow, Zelida has exquisite beauty, and you have a susceptible heart.—What did you want her to do, which would have made her miserable ?

Brown. Nothing injurious to the friendship I profess’d for you, Ormsby.

Orms. Come, come, Brownlow, in the fulness of a generous friendship, I trusted you with the woman of my heart, and I must have a satisfactory account of her.

Brown. That menace, Ormsby, is very little calculated to answer your purpose, yet as I sincerely sympathize in your distress, and have no view but to rescue you from farther anxiety, I
again

again conjure you, not to insist upon an explanation.

Ormsf. Don't insult me, Mr. Brownlow, with your pity, while you are deliberately binding me upon the rack ; but if you ever valued my peace, or regarded your own honour, be explicit and tell me.

Brown. You shall be obey'd, Ormsby—however reluctantly—what has driven Zelida from this house, was my advising her to marry you.

Ormsf. Advising her to marry me!—Why should you advise her to marry me?—Where was the necessity of such an advice?—She came from India for the purpose, and your intercession, in my favour, was a friendly supererogation.

Brown. This sneer, Mr. Ormsby, you will one day be sorry for, because you will one day know that it was not merited. However, instead of losing our time in this fruitless altercation, let us exert ourselves to recover the fair fugitive, and you will then know from her own lips, whether my conduct is entitled to your resentment or your approbation.

Ormsf. O, doubtless, to my deepest gratitude—but, Sir, what right had you to tamper with her affections?—What right had you to think yourself of more importance to her than I was? You fancied, perhaps, that she was smitten with that irresistible form, and therefore coolly took snuff with a request that she would not quite kill the miserable Ormsby.

Brown. Colonel, don't let us make this affair a war of words—you have more than once sav'd my life, but you now attempt a murder on my honour. Let me ring for a servant to attend you to your apartment.

†

Brown.

Orms. Will you be at leisure at eight ?

Brown. I shall certainly.

Orms. I'll beg to speak with you.

Brown. You will particularly oblige me.

Orms. Your servant, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Your's, Colonel Ormsby.

[*Exeunt.*

The scene changes to an apartment.

Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. How lucky it was that so delicious a girl should come, at this time, to lodge in my sister's house.—She desires to be very private—and I dare say she has good reason for her desire.—Yet demure as she seems, to be, it shall go hard if I do not get the purser'ship of the Rising Sun by her means. That hot-headed old fool, Sir Hector, will do any thing to obtain a pretty wench ; and notwithstanding he was lately in such a passion with me, has, for answer to my note about the the new-comer here, promised to call upon me immediately. I can't say, indeed, that this way of gaining preferment is the most honourable ; yet my betters are every day practising ways as bad, and not one of them is, in his own opinion, disqualified for the first employment in the kingdom.

SIR HECTOR, *behind.*

In this cabbinn, child, is he ?

Pil. Here he comes——

Enter

Enter SIR HECTOR.

Sir Hec. Honest Pillage, I have a thousand pardons to ask for my late behaviour—but you are a true sailor, and forget a friend's faults, where you can do him a favour.

Pil. O Sir Hector, it was a mistake on both sides.

Sir Hec. So it was—but I'll make amends—And now tell me, is the frigate you have brought me to look at, well built? Is she likely to come to in a little time, or do you think she'll stand out to sea in expectation of a settlement?

Pil. Look at her first, Sir Hector, and see how you like her.

Sir Hec. I should have made more way to you, but we are all in a damn'd bustle about a wench at my own house—A wench that I should have thought of myself, if she had not claimed the protection of my own fort, and been brought in by my brother Brownlow.

Pil. In that case the laws of honour, Sir Hector—

Sir Hec. O intitled her to quarter, damme—Straight as a main mast—none of your clumsy Dutch sterns—her lanthorns bright as the sun—and then something divine about her bowsprit, (*feeling his nose.*) But where's your girl all this time?

Pil. In the dining-room—My sister's unluckily gone out—But if you'll walk into the next parlour a moment, Sir Hector, you'll find a new chart of Otaheite, which will amuse you, while I step up stairs myself, to see how the land lies.

[*Exit.*

Sir

Sir. Hec. Otaheite!--O that's Queen Oberea's country, heaven-bless her, who sent the sailors in distress, the supply of women and hogs--- Zounds if ever I should be station'd there, I'll have a tender loaded with large nails, to prevent the honest Johns from endangering his majesty's fleet a second time, in their presents to the ladies.

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to a Stair Case, a Dining-Room in view, with a Landing Place.

Enter PILLAGE

Pil. Here's the door—The lady has been kept by one of the India captains, I suppose, and designs to enter herself in the cargo of damag'd virginity, which, for the honour of English delicacy now a-days, makes so considerable an article in our exports to Bengal.

[*Knocks at the door.*]

Enter BUSSORA from the Door.

Busf. What you want, gentlemen?

Pil. I am brother to the mistress of the house.

Busf. And why you no stay below with your sister?

Pil. Come don't be surly, my honest friend, here's half a crown for you.

Busf. Scorn your money, gentleman;—Bussora no do bad ting.

Pil. Why shou'd you suppose I want you to do a bad thing.

Busf. Because white man him never part with money but for some to do—and good ting want no pay for.

F

Pil.

Pil. That's not foolishly thought for an Indian.

Bus. O Indian him no quite fool—tho' he no tink Englishman right, when he choose to take him life, or him fortune.

Pil. My sister was telling me that your mistress wanted to know the proper method of taking a passage to India.

Bus. Very true.

Pil. Now there's a friend of mine below, who knows every thing about it, and will be happy to tell her, if she will only give him leave to wait upon her.

Bus. Many tank in my lady name— me go ask if you only stay one minute, gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Pil. If the gentlewoman here condescends to receive a visit, I'll send Sir Hector up by himself that he may have no interruption.

Enter BUSSORA from the Door.

Bus. I ady will be very glad to see you friend gentleman.

Pil. I thought as much!

Bus. O you may depend—Indian man him always speak truth.

Pil. Indeed!

Bus. O indeed.

Pil. Well, I'll send my friend—Who wou'd have thought this tawny rascal so well qualified to be either a pimp or a puritan. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*]

Bus. He surprise at me for speak truth—me sure truth is all de treasure left to poor Gentoo—and no left poor Gentoo that, if truth he was worth any thing in England.

[*Exit thro' the door.*]

Scene

Scene changes to an Apartment.

Enter ZELIDA.

Zel. This stranger's coming so opportunely is very fortunate, as Buffora with all his fidelity might be unable to obtain the necessary information about our passage, without hazarding a discovery—Colonel Ormsby possible has emissaries in search of me—or possibly Brownlow—No, Brownlow's heart is occupied by other objects, and I must never expect to engage a moment of his recollection!

Enter Sir HECTOR.

Sir Hec. There she is—a fine figure—and clear decks too.—Madam, I am your most——

Zel. (*turns about*) Sir Hector Strangeways!

Sir Hec. (*aside*) Zounds, is it she I have borne down upon?

Zel. For heaven sake, Sir Hector, how did you know of my being here?

Sir Hec. 'Sdeath! I must tack about!

Zel. Speak, Sir.

Enter BUSSORA.

O Buffora we are discover'd.

Buf. Well, lady, we have do no harm.

Zel. True—but in a country where consistency is absurd, to be innocent may be criminal.

Sir Hec. Don't be alarm'd, madam.

Buf. No lady-- don't fear-- me am come to protect you, or no live (*drawing his dagger---*) White
F 2 man,

man, Gentoo he die more soon as spill blood-. But Buffora he die two times more soon, as see danger offer him lady----- Go from room-----

Sir Hec. Why you damn'd idiot!----- I'd die myself sooner than do your lady the smallest hurt.

Zel. Put up your dagger, Buffora, or I shall sink with terror.

Buf. I here he stay 'till him wanted lady.

Sir Hec. Dear Madam, why should you suppose me an enemy? you have hoisted sail from my house, and I am sorry you did not like your moorings better, but I don't come to press you back; tho' quitting your former anchorage let me tell you, may perhaps endanger the lives of Ormsby and Brownlow.

Zel. Endanger the life of Brownlow!

Buf. And Colonel Ormsby, him life too lady—
Sir Hector he say.

Zel. But why shou'd they fight about me?

Sir Hec. I am afraid, Madam, that nothing but your marrying the Colonel, can prevent them from shattering one another's rigging a little.

Zel. Surely, Sir, the Colonel will hear reason.

Buf. O Lady——English gentleman when him in passion, scandalous for he to hear reason.

Zel. Heavens!—and can Ormsby, after the strictest intimacy of years with Brownlow, after receiving a thousand proofs of his honour, believe him in a moment capable of being a villain.

Sir Hec. He must take care of his honour.

Buf. And honour in here country, lady, oblige gentleman to kill friend without cause—— Poor man, he only give friend a black eye, or break him bones— It too grand for any but gentleman to make murder,

Zel.

Zel. What shall I do?

Sir Hec. Sling in the same hammock with the Colonel, if you wish to prevent mischief, madam.

Zel. I'd do any thing to rescue Mr. Brownlow from danger.

Buf. (*aside*) Mr. Brownlow! O me begin suspect.

Sir Hec. Whatever you determine, madam, must be determined speedily, for they will not be long drawing up in line of battle.

Zel. Then, Sir, I have determined, that Mr. Brownlow shall not lose his life on my account—I am ready to marry Colonel Ormsby.

Sir Hec. Generously resolv'd, and I'll steer you immediately to my house for the purpose, if you please.

Zel. I attend you, Sir Hector—Bussora, follow me immediately.

Sir Hec. And be assur'd, my lad, you shan't have the worse cheer for drawing your cutlafs in defence of your mistress—Come, madam.

(*Sings,*

“ O the very next morning our engagement proved hot,

“ And admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot.

[*Exit with Zelida.*

Buf. O what fool me was, not to see lady how her love Mr. Brownlow!—she take paint away-- Yet I so tick in head, I no suspect—But love him strange ting! When I was love at Tanjapour, me was ready to do thousand mad action for Balfora—O she was heaven handsome—Fine high check bone—little grey eye—mout wide from ear to ear—and teeth more beautiful as brick dust—Then—Yet me am encourage fond idle thought-- when lady bid me follow at Sir Hector Strange-ways—

ways — And must she marry him she no love after all — I have a tink ! [Exit.

The Scene changes to an Apartment at Brownlow's.

Enter BROWNLOW and ORMSBY.

Brown. Colonel Ormsby, you are very punctul, yet if reflection, since I last saw you, has made the same impresson upon your heart, that it has upon mine, I shall hope that this call is less hostile than you originally intended it.

Ormsf. Mr. Brownlow, you desired that we should have no war of words ; I am not therefore come here to talk, but to request your company a mile or two out of town.

Brown. Why should I betray your confidence, when you see that I have deriv'd no advantage from the perfidy ? Zelida is lost to me, as well as to you, and unless you meant that I should be her jailor, you have no just cause to be offended with me for her flight.

Ormsf. Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Brownlow ! it is plain by the charge in Zelida's letter, of your having driven her away, it is plain by your own confession of advising her to marry me, that she has been tamper'd with ; perhaps you have not in direct, in positive words, solicted her affection ; but there is an insidious smoothness of behaviour, a cunning male coquetry, which is more persuasive with an innocent mind, than all the studied modes of verbal sollicitation.

Brown. Yet hear me.

Ormsf. I'll hear no more, Sir, come along with me.

Brown. When you consider my obligations to you----

Ormsf. They aggravate the injury.

Brown. But they prevent me from drawing my sword against you, and I will not attend you.

Ormsf. I'll brand you as a coward to the whole world.

Brown. What will the good opinion of the whole world signify, if I lose my own?

Ormsf. Draw here, Sir.

Brown. Nay to defend my life--- (Draws.

Enter Sir HECTOR, ZELIDA, Lady DI, and ORSON.

Sir Hec. Hey! what the devil latitude are we in here?

Ormsf. My dearest Zelida!

Zel. O there's my hand, Colonel Ormsby—You must not kill your best, your truest friend.

Brown. To what are we indebted for this happy revolution?

Lady D. Sir Hector will tell you, brother, when you are reconcil'd to the Colonel.

Brown. That, Madam, is easily done.—I sincerely give you joy, my dear Ormsby.

Ormsf. Brownlow, I feel most sensibly the unworthiness of my conduct. I feel also how wretched I must have been to lose your friendship: can you, indeed, forgive me, and impute all my madness to the excess of my love?

Sir Hec. Poh man, of what use is friendship, if it does not teach us to forgive one another's tumbling on the sea of absurdity?

Zel. Mr. Brownlow, besides, knows what it is to be himself in love.

Brown.

Brown. I do indeed, Madam—know it despairingly.

Lady D. Lord, brother, and never consult me?

Orf. Nor me, uncle?

Sir Hec. You, you, puppy.—Well, madam, (to Zelida) I hope you'll now give me leave to salute you as Mrs. Ormsby.

Enter BUSSORA abruptly.

Buff. O heaven he forbid!

Brown. Why so, my honest fellow?

Ormsf. Buffora, what's the matter?

Buff. Matter him enough. Lady no like—

Zel. Buffora, retire this moment.

Ormsf. Permit him, madam, to stay; for his intelligence leads to a subject, upon which I was going to request your own explanation.

Brown. Why, Buffora, you are out of your senses.

Sir Hec. Zounds, no interruption---We seem doubling the cape of a discovery here.

Ormsf. Buffora, your lady, I much fear, has, from motives of generosity, honour'd me with her hand, against the inclination of her heart.

Buff. O, fool so great as I see that---or why she run away from you?

Zel. This mad-man will betray all!

Brown. But you see your lady is come back, you blockhead.

Buff. Yes, she come for fear of you fight with Colonel.

Sir Hec. The wind is shifted here with a witness.

Orf. And blows fresh against the Colonel, father.

Ormsf.

Ormsf. My happiness, no less than my honour, is concern'd in this information.

Buff. O, if one of two, he must be unhappy----me rather you unhappy great deal than lady.

Ormsf. Zelida, you are sincerity itself, and you don't contradict Buffora.

Zel. One cannot force one's inclinations.

Ormsf. I know it too sensibly.

Lady D. But if a lady is ready to marry, what more can a gentleman require?

Zel. O! I am ready to marry Colonel Ormsby.

Ormsf. Ah, Zelida! passionately as I admire you, neither my pride nor my reason can allow me to accept of your hand, if I am not in possession of your heart.

Zel. How happy do you make me----O, Mr. Brownlow, did I not say, when you advis'd me this morning to marry the Colonel, that he wou'd nobly despise a reluctant heart?

Ormsf. My dear Brownlow, this is an unexpected stroke.

Ors. Never mind it, Colonel; I'll marry her myself, with father's consent, if she'll lye up in harbour till I come of age.

Sir Hec. Damme, so you shall boy, if she'll only turn Protestant.

Buff. Dear lady, make uneasiness him all end here.

Zel. What do you mean?

Buff. I mean that you shou'd no blush to be happy. Christian, if him can make lady happy, here him is you know. (*Pointing to Brownlow.*)

Zel. Buffora, never see me more---O Lady Di!

Lady D. My own feelings to a tittle, at the first discovery of my affections for that dear deluder there.

G

Hec.

Sir Hec. Me a deluder ?

Ormsf. Then we have sustain'd a fresh misfortune, Brownlow.---It wou'd have been some comfort to have seen Zelida your's, since I must resign her for ever : but you are pre-engag'd, and my poor girl, like myself, is disappointed in the first search of her heart.

Brown. No, Ormsby, we have sustained no new misfortune, if Bussora is right in his conjectures ; for after such uncommon generosity on your part, I need not hesitate to own that this angelic creature is the only object of my affections.

Zel. Heavens ! is it possible !

Sir Hec. Zounds, will the wind never have done shifting ?

Ormsf. I wou'd offer no violence to Zelida's inclination—Speak, my sweetest girl.

Zel. I cannot speak.

Bussf. Oh lady, do no fear to tell true.

Brown. My lovely Zelida, look up.

Zel. Your affections are plac'd upon another.

Brown. It was necessary to make you think so, before I knew the peculiar nobleness of Ormsby's sentiments.

Sir Hec. Come, come, don't let us waste powder in idle salutes.

Zel. I am overwhelm'd with distress.

Brown. And you still persist in saying *no* to my solicitation ?

Zel. What wou'd you have me say ?

Brown. I'd have you say *yes*.

Zel. Why *no* often means *yes* among the ladies of England, does it not ?

Brown. Bewitching creature ! thus let me thank you (*kissing her hand*)

Ormsf. 'Tis my turn to wish you joy, Brownlow, and I do it most heartily.

Sir Hec. So do we all.—This is a glorious voyage, indeed.

Orf. And the ship may be paid off, father, for there seems to be an end on the service.

Lady D. My dearest sister (*salutes Zelida*) this is a superlative blessing—and I believe there are not two such women as ourselves in any one house of this kingdom.

Zel. O, Madam, I am too happy---but Buffora! my faithful Buffora!

Buff. Will you never see me more now, lady?

Zel. Mr. Brownlow, Colonel Ormsby, we are all indebted to my good Buffora, and must all think of methods to reward him.

Buff. I am too reward in see you happy, Lady. And Gentoo, you know, he scorn any other reward, than him own feelings, for behave like honest man.

Zel. What must I feel on this occasion, then? My joy is so excessive, I think the whole a dream; yet if this company is but pleas'd, my dream will last for ever.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

The ROMANCE OF A HOUR
O my! 'Tis my turn to wish you joy, Brown-
low, and I do it most gladly.
The day do we all—This is a glorious
day, for all. And this day may be paid off, rather, for
the day to be an end on the service.
My dear sister (Mrs. Kelly) this
is a glorious day—and I believe there are
not two such warriors as ourselves in any one
of the Kingdom.

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